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an intoxicating effect on the crowd, especially in the more decadent form called *gandrung*, when it is a boy in girl's clothes who performs. Fights among the men of the audience at *gandrung* dances are not unheard of, a procedure which is extremely un-Balinese. The *djogéd* could easily be a modernized, decadent version of the ancient mating dance still to be found

in the village of Tenganan, stronghold of native tradition. There, once a year, a dance called *abuang* is performed in which the unmarried girls of the village appear dressed in their best, wearing gold flower head-dresses (reminiscent of the paper scallops that decorate the back of the *djogéd* head-dress) and meet bachelor boys who posture with the girl of their preference in a short dance in which the gestures make one think of a chaste and restrained *djogéd*. Curiously enough, the *djogéd* is forbidden in Tenganan.

But there is still another dance, undeniably of ancient origin, that is even more closely related to the *legong*: the *sanghyang dedari* (to be described later), a magic dance in which the little

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girls dressed in *legong* costumes go into trance, supposedly to be possessed by the spirits of the heavenly nymphs, to bring luck and magic protection to the village through their performance. The steps of the *sanghyang* are exactly the same as those of the *legong* and it is disconcerting and eerie that at no time have the little girls received dance training, and that when in trance they are able to perform the difficult steps that take months and even years of practice for an ordinary *legong*.

THE BARIS

An indispensable part of the ritual feasts of the old villages is the *baris gedé*, a stately war dance in which ten or twelve middle-aged warriors with their heads covered with flowers, wearing magic scarves, and carrying long spears tipped with peacock feathers, dance in double line, grimacing and striking heroic poses until the music becomes violent, when they enact a sham battle with their black and silver spears.

No dance in the world can be more manly than the *baris*. Just as the *legong* is the representative feminine dance, so the *baris* typifies the strong elegance of the male and is the source of material for all masculine dances. When the first turkey came to Bali, the Balinese inmediately named it *siap baris*, the "*baris* bird." Remaining essentially a war dance, the style of the ritual *baris* was later adapted to the performance of heroic plays in the *baris pendét*, in which individual dancers play the military heroes, using dramatic dialogues to accompany their movement.

Every well-educated prince must be able to dance the *baris* when he enters middle age, having undergone a rigorous training to obtain the necessary skill and flexibility. To be in trim to dance the *baris*, one must be able to sit on one's heels keeping the knees spread wide apart in line with the body. A good dancer of *baris*, besides a finished physical training and an expressive face, must also have a cultivated, sonorous voice. It is essential that an actor with a "fine" face, who plays youthful heroes, have a high-pitched voice, while an actor who plays "strong," rough

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the episodes of the struggle between Rangda and the great Erlangga. Dancing interludes by six little girls, the pupils of the witch, alternate with slapstick, the encounters of the king's subjects with *leyaks*, and with dramatic songs by the prince sent to kill Rangda. She is impersonated by an old actor gifted with such great powers that he is able to withstand, in his own body, the dangerous spirit of the witch herself.

Towards dawn the atmosphere becomes surcharged with mystery as the old actor goes into Rangda's house to enter into the trance. Watchmen are appointed to wake all the children that have fallen asleep lest their tender souls be harmed; a priest stands ready to conjure Rangda, who will make her triumphal appearance at the end of the play. A flickering lamp can be seen through the curtains of the house, and there is an occasional groan from the actor as he undergoes the painful transformation. Meantime below, as the music becomes violent, the prince advances across the dancing-space with his kris drawn. With a yell of defiance he starts up the bridge, just as a blood-curdling howl is heard inside the house, the voice of Rangda. Unexpectedly, fireworks, strung on invisible wires all over the trees, begin to explode over the heads of the crowd. The audience is on edge as the curtains part and the frightful form of Rangda appears, shrieking curses upon the prince, who is put to flight as the old witch descends, bellowing, amidst clouds of smoke, sparks, and explosions.

The climax is a critical moment, as it is never known what will happen next. It is not unusual for Rangda to run wild and go about the village moaning, or to disappear into the blackness of the ricefields. The actor, who is possessed by the spirit of the real Rangda, is hard to bring under control. I have been told of an old actor from Tedjakula who, after impersonating Rangda, ran amuck and went insane when captured. He is said never to have regained his mental balance. To the Balinese this was, once more, the evidence of the danger of releasing uncontrolled magic powers.